

# The Northwest Missourian

VOL. 51—NO. 23

Maryville, Missouri 64463

MAY 14, 1965

## Gov. Hearnes to Be MSC's 59th Commencement Speaker



Governor Warren E. Hearnes,  
46th Governor of Missouri

A variety of commencement activities are planned for 365 graduating seniors, the largest graduating class in the history of MSC.

To start things off, seniors and underclassmen are invited to attend the church of their choice on Sunday, May 23. Owing to the elimination of baccalaureate services, the local ministers will have special messages of interest to all seniors.

On May 27 at 8:30 a. m., the Annual Senior Breakfast in the Student Union will be held in honor of graduating seniors. From 2:30 to 4:30 of the same day, a reception for seniors will be held by President Foster in the Student Union. At 6:30, the Annual MSC Alumni Dinner will be held in the Blue Room with graduating seniors

guest speaker will be Dr. David Nicholson, a 1926 graduate as the honored guests. The of MSC. Those who have not made reservations for the above events should do so in Dean Thate's office. All of the events will be held in the J. W. Jones Union Building.

Last but not least, commencement exercises will be held May 28 at 8:00 p. m. in the Lamkin Gymnasium. Governor Warren Hearnes will speak. Graduating seniors who wish to reserve seats for their families should fill out a form in Dean Thate's office.

The commencement chairman is Mrs. Elaine Mauzey.

### Graduation Notice

Graduating seniors can pick up their cap and gown beginning Friday, May 21, - Thursday, May 27. There will be someone in the Agricultural Museum from 9:00-4:00 on weekdays and 9:00-12:00 on Saturday.

Dean Koerble reminds graduates that caps and gowns must be returned immediately following commencement. Please return them in room 100 in Colden Hall.

Commencement Announcements may be picked up at the business office.

## Mother and Daughter To Receive Diploma

Graduation night will be very exciting for the Hillers' family. Miss Pat Hillers and her mother, Mrs. Lenore Hillers, will receive degrees.

Pat has been an officer in Gamma Sigma Sigma Service Sorority for three years and has been an officer in the Wesley Foundation. She also served on the Committee for Religious Emphasis Week. She has a double major in math and chemistry and will receive a Bachelor of Science Degree.

Mrs. Hillers attended Morningside College at Sioux City, Iowa, before marrying. In the school year of 1961-62 she was a full time cook in the cafeteria here at MSC. During the second semester she was enrolled in a college course. She liked it so well that she returned a full student the following year. She is presently a member of SNEA.

The school year of 1962-63 everyone in the family was enrolled in school. Bert Hillers, Pat's brother, graduated in January, 1964, and is presently teaching math and science in Parkville, Missouri. Another brother, Joe, will receive his Ph.D. in agriculture from Iowa State University, May 29.

Mrs. Hillers and Pat have recently received good news concerning future employment. Mrs. Hillers has accepted a teaching position in Correctionville, Iowa, and Pat will be joining the Peace Corps in the Philippines.

## 13 Faculty Members Receive Promotions

According to President R. P. Foster, the following faculty promotions have been made. Dr. Berndt G. Angman, Dr. Charles L. Rivers, and Dr.

## Tower Staff Completes '65 Edition, Schedule Release For Next Week at MSC



The 1964-65 Tower will be issued on the first floor of the Administration Building at the supply office during the first of next week. All students who are to receive a year book must bring their receipt and I. D. card to the distribution stand in order to obtain their Tower.

Serving as staff members are Susan McConkey, editor; Wava Tackett, assistant editor; Roger Ambrosier, art editor; Bob Johnson, sports editor; Joan Mann, secretary; and staff members, Chris Johnson, Cathy Baumli, Mary Potter, Nancy Boyd, and Kathy Riddle.

Mr. Howard Ringold is sponsor of the Tower. Mr. Frank Grube serves as literary adviser.

James L. Lowe have been promoted from Associate Professors to Professors.

Promoted from Assistant Professors to Associate Professors are Dr. John C. Beeks, Dr. Leroy Crist, Dr. Richard A. Hart, and Dr. B. D. Scott.

Charles W. Frye, Marvin G. Gutzmer, A. Frederic Handke, Peter A. Jackson, Gerald E. Landwer, and James R. Saucerman, instructors, were promoted to Assistant Professors.

## Albertson and Buckey, Speech Champions

The champions of the MSC intramural speech contest are Galen Buckey and Charla Albertson, who defeated their opponents in the final round of the tournament on May 3.

At the present time there are no plans for the oncoming semester in this department.



MISS MARYVILLE CANDIDATES—The 10 MSC coeds above competed in the Miss Maryville Pageant this week. The annual affair is sponsored by the local Jaycees. Seated are, left to right, Karen Wilson, Sandra Manard, and Susan Miller. On the left arm

of the divan is Mary Mast and on the right arm is Carole Workman. Standing, left to right, are Mary Hilger, Rita Sharp, Eileen Ross, Charlotte Christoffel, and Melinda Bauman. (Due to press deadlines, no announcement was received by the Northwest Missourian concerning the winning coed.)



## NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

Co-Editors - Marvin Bell, Sharon Shipley  
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Published weekly at the Northwest Missouri State College, Maryville, Mo., September through July, except during examination periods and after vacations.

Entered as second class matter, November 9, 1914, at the Post Office at Maryville, Mo., under the act of March 8, 1879.

Subscription Rates—One Semester—\$50c  
 Advertising Rates, per column inch—60c

## Mail Bag

Before entering college I had great expectations concerning the college man. Needless to say I have been gravely disappointed.

What has happened to the rugged, outdoor man? He is no longer rugged. He eats soft food, sleeps too much, and considers the slightest physical exertion too much for him. He is never outdoors (except for a bush), and his social life is centered around either the den or the local pubs.

An energetic game of bridge or a snappy bull session is all the exercise he gets. One glance at his apparel would make you doubt whether he is even a man.

Masculine individuality has become a mirage. It seems that everything he does is inspired by the group to which he belongs. His aim in life is determined by what others have decided to be worthwhile goals. He no longer has the power to think and decide for himself.

As an example, when he is on a date, the girl must be prepared to decide what movie they will see, what they will do afterwards, and she must even plan to spend the evening entertaining the man who has lost the power to take an active part in conversation.

The male sex denounced us girls for wearing slacks and jeans. I shall speak for the female sex by saying that we would be only too glad to give them back if only they would show some positive signs that they could wear them.

—Names withheld by request

### Phi Mu

Climaxing Phi Mu inspiration week, April 27-May 4, nine pledges and one special initiate were initiated into the sorority.

They include Melinda Bauman, Linda Hoepelmann, Linda Kay Hughes, Dell Shierk, Vicki Ruble, Jean Meadows, Joan Hillispl, Judy Rickenbacker, Gloria Thorton, and special initiate, Mrs. Jack Lasley.

## U. S. Peace Corps Accepts State College Coed

Martha Klever, a senior elementary education major from Audubon, Iowa, has been accepted by the Peace Corps for training and will go to Malaysia after completion of her training.

Martha will do her training in Hilo, Hawaii, at the University of Hawaii. She will spend three months in Hawaii undergoing intensive instruction in the malayan language, culture, history and tradition, as well as in American history and institutions. There will also be courses in hygiene, tropical medicine, and teaching skills needed for her job assignment. After her training, Martha will receive a short home leave before departing for Malaysia.

Upon arrival in Malaysia, Martha will have a brief in-country orientation. She will then immediately begin general primary teaching in the Malaysian schools. Martha will remain in Malaysia from January 1966-December 1967.

During her two year period in the Peace Corps, Martha will receive 45 days of leave.

Since the Peace Corps encourages the volunteer to travel, Martha is eager to go to Japan. Her reason for going there is to see her sister, Mary Ann Htoek, who teaches art in one of the schools in Japan. Martha would also like to travel to other countries while in the Peace Corps.

When asked how she felt about her acceptance into the Peace Corps, Martha replied, "It's one of the greatest experiences that has ever happened to me. It's just fabulous."

Martha will graduate in May with a B. S. in elementary education, and she plans to work at a Cerebral Palsied camp near Chicago this summer.

Thanks to the invention of pop cans, it's no longer necessary to hunt for an opener. The time saved can now be put to better use. Like searching for bandages.

## College Seeks Housing for Men For Fall Session

Northwest State College will need room for at least 200 more men in approved housing in Maryville this fall, according to Dean of Men Jack Lasley.

The men's dormitories, housing 1,000, have been filled since February and now have a waiting list of 200. Rooms for 512 men are now available in approved housing in town but an estimated 800 men will need housing this fall in approved housing.

Dean Lasley stated that he hopes the people of Maryville will provide the housing and that anyone wishing to rent rooms to college men should call him at the Housing Office between 8:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

Applications for enrollment are 60 per cent above last year's totalling 1,300 as of May 1. Last year 828 had applied at that date. Dr. Charles Thate, dean of administration, estimates that 3,850 students will enroll this fall, 400 more than last year.

Dormitory room for an additional 330 men and 330 women will be ready by September, 1966, which will just about equal the expected increase for the 1966-67 school year.

Last fall all housing, dormitory and approved, was filled to capacity.

## Mary Marst, DZ, Greek of the Week

Mary Mast, a sophomore elementary education major from Excelsior Springs, Missouri, has been chosen "Greek of the Week" by Phi Mu Sorority.

President of the Delta Zeta sorority, Miss Mast also holds the presidency of the Student National Education Association and serves as district president of the organization. She was sponsored in the MSC Winter Queen Contest and in the Miss Maryville Pageant by SNEA.

She enjoys writing poetry and has had several of her poems published in the Northwest Missourian and the Green and White.

While participating in numerous activities, she has maintained a 3.3 scholastic average.

Mother: "Junior, don't use such bad words."

Junior: "But, Mother, Shakespeare used them."

Mother: "Well, don't play with him any more."

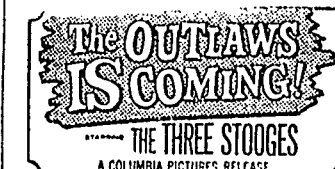
A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity: "Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Willie (promptly) "Brotherly love."

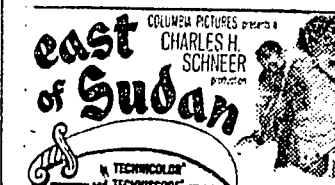
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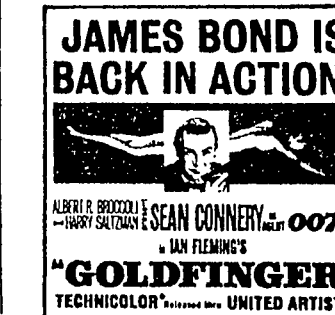
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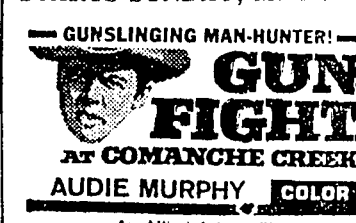
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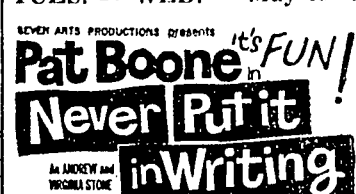
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## MSC Instructor Native of Canada

Mr. Ross Surphlis, a graduate of St. Louis University, has been teaching French for two years at MSC. He is residing here in Maryville with his wife, Lois, and three children, Lesley, 5; Lynda, 3; Joseph, 5 months. The children are taught French in the home. However, Mr. Surphlis commented that it is more of a game than anything.

Born in Toronto, Ontario, Mr. Surphlis lived there with his parents for 20 years until they moved to the United States. When he has time, he likes to vacation in his native land and to practice his French. In 1955 he was an Army paratrooper in the Eleventh Airborne Division.



When not in the classroom, he can be found on the tennis courts with a few of his fellow teachers. He also enjoys golf; but because of the lack of facilities and time, he doesn't play as often as he'd like.

Mr. Surphlis is a member of Phi Sigma Iota, a national modern language honor society. He is also an honorary member of Phi Sigma Epsilon from which he received a desk plaque for his outstanding service. He recently chaperoned a group from MSC to the Model Legislature at Jefferson City, Missouri's capital.

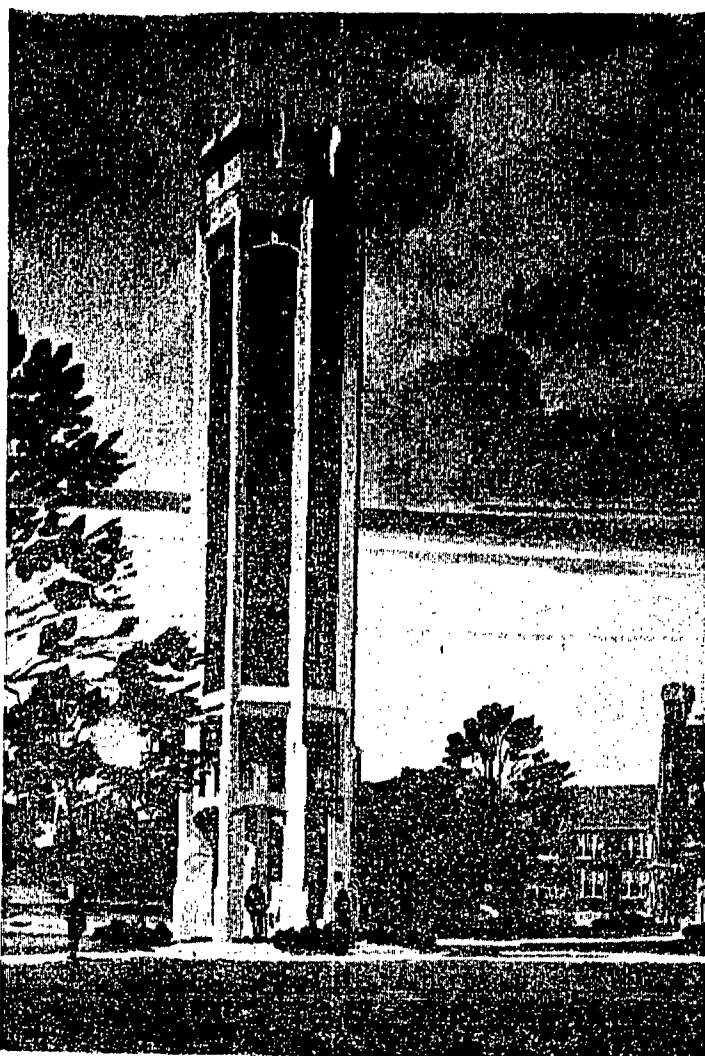
"I believe that more people should be bilingual. If more Canadians were bilingual, there would be less animosity between the French-Canadians and English-speaking people in Canada," he commented. He went on to say that the language barrier is what instigated him to teach French.

This summer he plans to teach in the English Department at Central Piedmont Community College in Charlotte, North Carolina. He will also be teaching French there next fall.

### Tri Beta Takes Tour

Dr. Richard A. Hart spoke on blood proteins in blister beetles as a means of identifying species at the Tri Beta Biological Society meeting held recently.

Last Saturday about 15 members and instructors spent the day at Squaw Creek Wildlife Refuge near Mound City studying the ecology and birds of the area. Mr. Harold Burgess, manager of the Refuge, conducted the tour and lectured on the problems of waterfowl management.



## State College Announces Drive For \$100,000 Memorial Tower

Northwest State College will have another new structure to increase its campus beauty, but this time the new construction will be built with a different idea in mind.

Dr. R. P. Foster, MSC president has announced a program to build a Bell Tower on the campus as a memorial to the college's war dead, deceased alumni, former faculty members and graduates of the college. The Tower will serve as a memorial to the past as well as an inspiration to students in the future.

The proposed construction will be a 100-foot tall structure designed in the same style as the administration building.

Site of the Tower will be the present bell mall where the bell of 1948 stands. In the new Tower will be installed a set of carillon bells which will be played daily and on special occasions.

Dr. Foster is anticipating a completion date of May, 1968, for the proposed \$100,000 office. Work on the funds drive for the Bell Tower Memorial will start May 27 at the annual alumni meeting at the J. W. Jones Student Union.

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## To Hold Honors Assembly May 20

Miss Mabel Cook, Chairman of the Honors Assembly committee, has announced the program of the Honors Assembly this year. The assembly will be held in the auditorium May 20 at 10 a. m. All students are cordially invited to attend this assembly.

Organization sponsors and the awards they will give are as follows:

Dr. DeVore, Wall Street Journal; Dr. Walker, Student National Education Association Leadership Service Award; Mr. Houghton, Agriculture; Miss Cook, Kappa Omicron Phi Ring, Hotchkiss Senior Award, and Marie Huff Freshman Award; Dr. Richey, Howard Leech Junior Medal; William Croy Memorial Medal; Miss Magill, Delta Psi Kappa Life Membership; Mr. Morris, Journalism Keys, and Journalism Star Award; Mr. Hinshaw, Pi Kappa Delta Speaker of the Year; Mr. Rounds, Band; Mr. Everett Brown, Robert M. Liley Scholarship Award; Dr. Harr, Edward P. Morgan Citizenship Medal; Dean Koerble, Condon Achievement; Mr. Kenneth Thompson, Don Soper Award; Dr. Harr, John L. Harr Scholarship Medal; Mrs. Leta Brown, AAUW Senior Medal, AAUW Junior Scholarship, and AAUW Courtesy Membership Award.

### Delta Zeta

Delta Zeta Sorority honored seniors Martha Klever, Sharon Coughlin, Elaine Buerkins, Connie Smith, Margie Anderson, and Mary Kay Kuhn at the annual retreat at Big Lake held recently. While having a cook-out, the girls made plans for next fall's rush.

## Fall Parking Spaces Still Available


During the last three weeks all students have had the opportunity to apply for a fall parking space, according to Dean Charles Koerble. The schedule for applying was arranged according to the students' classification. However, from now until the end of the semester, any student who has not applied for a parking space can do so regardless of his classification. Students are to apply for spaces in the Dean of Students' office.

During summer term all new students, freshmen and transfer students, will be given the opportunity to apply for on campus parking. During the fall registration, any remaining spaces will be assigned to students on a first-come-first serve basis.

When applying for a fall parking space, students must pay the \$10.00 parking fee in order to be assured of the space. No spaces will be reserved for students who fail to pay this fee. Students are urged to apply now for a space in order to secure one for next fall. With the anticipated increase in the enrollment, next fall, it is doubtful that any spaces will be available in September.

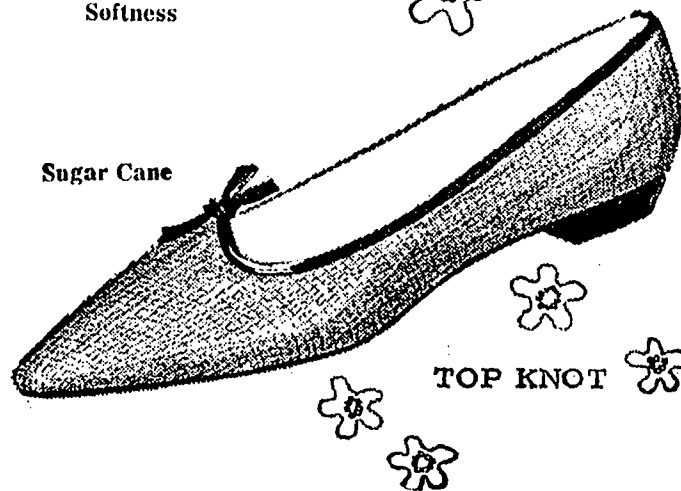
Students are reminded that all cars driven by them must be registered with the college. Cars must be registered whether parked on campus or not. If cars are registered between now and the end of the semester the fee will be 50 cents. However, at fall registration the fee will be \$1.00. The penalty of non-registration of students cars will result in a \$10.00 fine.

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## Bearcats Take Doubleheader From Creighton

Sophomore hurler Benny Cain set visiting Creighton College down on a 3-hitter Saturday and started a sixth inning rally which produced three runs to lead the Northwest State College baseball team to a 4-0 win in the first game of a doubleheader.

The Bearcats, behind another fine pitching performance by Vic Mitchell, also won the second game, 6-2, to bring their season mark to 8-6.

Coach Burton Richey's nine collected eight hits in the first game and turned in a fine defensive performance, allowing no errors to back Cain's brilliant effort. Cain struck out two and walked none on the way to his first shutout of the year. He opened the sixth inning with a single which was followed by four more hits providing the winning margin. Jay Cain was the leading hitter in the game, stroking two hits in three times at bat. Elmer Klump had the only extra-base hit with a run-scoring double in the fifth.

In the second affair, Mitchell limited Creighton to six hits and two walks while striking out eight and allowing no earned runs.

Trailing 0-2 going into the third after Creighton scored on four hits and two errors over the second and third innings, Maryville got one back in the fourth and then exploded for five big runs in the fifth. Jay Cain started the rally with a single, and the 'Cats responded to pound three hits, which, coupled with the three errors and two walks, provided the runs.

Coach Richey was quite pleased with the teams' performance this week, remarking, "It was probably our best team effort of the season. Our pitching was strong and our defense game looked good."

The 'Cats are facing a busy home schedule this week. They will meet Peru in a doubleheader starting at 1 p. m. Wednesday, William Jewell in a single game Friday—and Parsons College in a doubleheader starting at 1 p. m. Saturday. The MSC junior varsity will meet Creston Junior College in a two-night doubleheader Thursday beginning at 5 o'clock.

## Fellowships

Juniors interested in applying for Danforth Graduate Fellowships for 1966-67 academic year should contact Mr. James Saucerman before the close of this spring semester.

The Fellowships offered by the Danforth Foundation of St. Louis, Missouri, are open to men and women who are seniors or recent graduates of accredited colleges in the United States, who have serious interest in college teaching as a career, and who plan to study for a Ph.D. in a field common to the undergraduate college. Applicants may be single or married, must be less than thirty years of age at the time of application, and may not have undertaken any graduate or professional study beyond the baccalaureate.

## MIAA Sessions Not Too Fruitful For MSC Bearcats

Northwest State College athletic teams did not fair so well over the weekend at the MIAA Conference meet held in Rolla. They took two fourth and one fifth places.

Coach Robert Gregory's tennis squad, which compiled a commendable 9-4 mark over the regular season, copped a fourth place finish behind a Kirksville pair, as did Bruce Horrell and Griffith.

In track action, Coach Earl Baker's boys came home with a fifth place notch on 16 points. The squad finished fourth in the indoor meet, with 18½ points, earlier in the year.

Kirksville again won the meet, this time for the eighth straight time. Springfield, Warrensburg and Cape Girardeau scored ahead of Maryville, while Rolla trailed in last place.

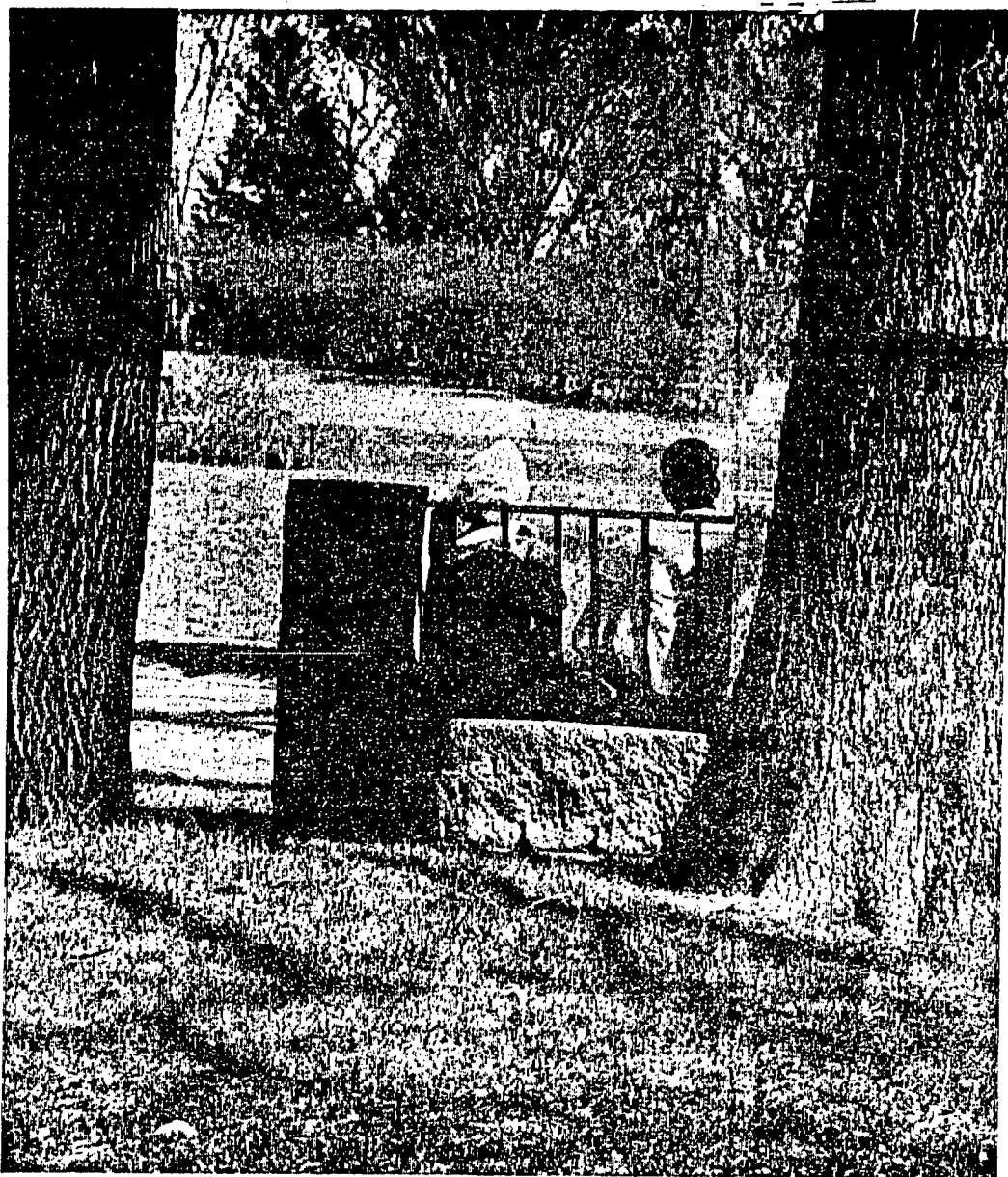
Willis Letcher was the only Bearcat entrant to score in two individual events. He placed second in both the 100-yard dash and the broad jump. Pete Hager grabbed a third in the 100, Larry Brandt took fifth in the shotput, Joe Peirce copped fifth in the triple jump, Jack Hack scored fourth in the javelin and John Sherbo picked up fifth in the javelin.

Maryville's mile relay team scored only a fifth in its running but was hindered with injuries which called for last-minute substitutions. The MSC team finished the season with an undefeated mark in dual competition, plus the Grace-land Relays title.

The Bearcat netters were strong in the running Friday night after the opening rounds. The MSC team had eight team points, good for second place behind leading Kirksville with 10. The Green and White had three men in singles finals and both doubles teams in the running.

In the final rounds the 'Cats hit the hard luck streak, losing all five of their places. Bob Schilling lost to Kirksville's Frank Gant, 6-4, 5-7 and 4-6 in the number three singles, Larry Harms was defeated by Wendell Killian, Kirksville, 6-2, 6-0, and Warland Griffith was eliminated in the number five singles action, 4-6, 7-5 and 7-5 by Warrensburg's Taylor. The Shilling-Gant match was one of the best matches of the 2-day tournament, according to Gregory.

Both MSC doubles teams were defeated in the semi-finals. The Schilling duo lost to



**SPRINGTIME CONTEMPLATION?** Two MSC admirers look over the campus during the near near-90 degree weather of last week. Giant twin elms provide shade here for one of the many stone benches on campus.

Noted as one of the most beautiful college campuses in the Mid-West, that reputation was enhanced by members of campus organizations last week by individual "clean-up patrols."

Kirksville, Cape Girardeau, Warrensburg, in that order. Rolla and Springfield finished after Maryville.

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**FRANK SCHUPP**

is a recent graduate from Moler Barber College and specializes in modern haircuts and styling. Frank has been added to the staff at Miller's Friendly Barbers 407 N. Main Maryville, Mo.

## Life With the 'Cats

### PINNED

Anita Couch to Bob Carl (ISU)  
Linda Greenwood to Jerry Hanson

## ENGAGED

Earlene Ijams to Harvey Christie  
Pat Lindstrom to Jerry Getter (Drake University)

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# The Northwest Missourian

## Literary Supplement

### Time and Darkness

Time seems to pass so slowly now. Time — and life. Each minute lingers as if delaying its departure from me. Time. Endless, if not pointless. Even continuing. A measure of existence for us all. Then, too, it is dark now. All is darkness. Black. It is as if a blanket has been thrust around me to hide the world from my sight.

As I sit here like this, it is easy for my mind to wander. I see the town where I have lived for so many years. It's just a small town. A town which is sheltered by the bluffs from the hardships of winter, given shade by them in the heat of summer and protected by their comforting arms from the adversities of the world in general. It's a small town. Filled with people who know all about each other simply because they make it their business to know everyone else's business. A town with quiet streets and small-minded people. A town — just an ordinary, small town.

Those children out in the light look so happy, so free of care and trouble. Time passes all too fast for them. There never seems to be enough time to do all they want to do. Before they can really delve into their frolics, mother is there calling them in. The time is gone all too quickly. Their days never seem long enough.

I can sit in this room and see so many things. My family gathered around the fireplace after a long day. Everyone talking and telling bits of news they've heard. There is an air of contentment, peace. In the glow of the fire light, we all seem so close to one another. Safe. Nothing could possibly enter here to disturb us. Time seems suspended yet fleeting.

Father is leaning upon the mantle with his pipe in hand. A wisp of its gray smoke drifts lazily to the heights of the ceiling. He is telling my brother, John, about the new mill that is being built up river. At the outer edge of the circle, sits Mama. Quietly watching her clan and listening. Mama is always so quiet and calm. Bess is playing at her feet. She loves that old doll of hers. If she isn't careful, it will fall apart it's so old.

Time. It fades so quickly but for me it is endless now. I have time — time to spare. Unlike the days of children which pass so hastily, my days live on for eternity. I have time to see. There is no day or night for me only darkness and time to fill. I can sit here and as my mind wanders, I can see many things. Out of the darkness, I see. I see through memories. Memories of times which passed all too fast. Yes, it is dark. Black. But I have time. Time and darkness are mine now for I — I am blind.

Rowena Jo. Husted  
2nd Semester Sophomore  
Rock Port, Missouri

### In Defense of the Saguaro

Saguaros in a sullen bowl  
Of heat cannot drop deep  
Roots where sand-winds sweep  
To blister blossoms and howl  
In Hellish reverie which banishes  
Chances of broad leaves  
And piled sheaves.  
All of this vanishes.

Now roots lie shallow  
To catch each drop of water  
As molten sunbeams sizzle  
hotter  
And probe each nook and hollow.

You have mocked saguaros  
That turn back desert's hand  
Which shades a burnt-out land  
And claws at many tomorrows,  
Vaporizing the blessing of waters  
That bring green  
And visions of clean  
Cool rain that bathes powdery gutters.

Do not blame the stalk,  
Accordion-ribbed and thirsty.  
It only spreads its mercy  
Against hot-air winds that talk

Of withering life, and turning all  
The world to sand  
Like this land;  
Or brings beauty's withdrawal  
By stifling a rose's bud  
Frail and weak  
Our world to wreck  
For sunlight's bath of blood.

I am The Great Saguaro.  
My thorns would be leaves  
To shade my land that grives  
In her great sorrow.

Why is there no soil,  
But only chaos  
That leers at us?  
Could it be that turmoil

Was left unchecked by sleeping rich  
Farmers one Saturday night  
while water  
Left the land for slaughter  
By flooding through an irrigation ditch?

Do not condemn my last outpost  
Of life in a dry world  
Where dust-devils are hurled  
And men have lost the Holy Ghost.

I cannot restore good earth.  
It is left for man  
To build, to plan  
And bring back worth

To our neglected planet  
And grant function to parched waterfalls  
Before this last Saguaro falls  
And all is sand or granite.

David I. Wright  
Junior  
Fort Dodge, Iowa

### The Best

Of religious many  
Of races any  
Of ages youth  
Of lovers two  
Of heights tall  
Of books all  
Of seasons spring  
Of music singing  
Of roses white  
Of moments night  
Of birds the dove  
Of feelings love  
Of eyes blue  
Of people you!

Mary Mast  
Sophomore  
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

### Negative

The boundless  
blanket  
of death, dark  
night  
Would we  
fling about  
ourselves  
and  
fly  
off  
into happy  
Infinity,  
were such  
a shroud  
not  
so  
cold.

Larry Cox  
Freshman  
Conway, Iowa

### One Red Rose

I have a dream—  
A lovely dream  
that some day  
some boy  
will send me  
one  
red  
rose.  
Someday  
some boy will care  
enough  
to think of me  
and show his love with  
one  
red  
rose.

Barbara Corbett  
Freshman  
Coon Rapids, Iowa

### Learning

Blown with the wind,  
And born of the stars;  
Swift as the currents,  
And Pluto and Mars;  
But what am I?  
Just the land and the sea?  
These are all parts,  
But not all of me;  
Not sorrow, not joy,  
Or laughter and tears;  
Experience measured,  
In thousands of years;  
Not creator or destroyer,  
of those lives of Men;  
The cryptor, encriber,  
on paper and skin;  
In one way I'm known,  
to all of man's brothers;  
Men are taught,  
so they might teach others.

Michael Overbey  
Sophomore  
Shenandoah, Iowa

### LIZA

Liza stalked over to the phonograph and hatefully twisted the knob, the music blared out even louder. "The Martins and the Coys they were reckless mountain boys — " She stood in front of the phonograph defiantly with her hands on her hips, elbows akimbo.

Liza, a lovely, young woman, and Jim, an elderly bachelor, had been married less than a year. She had been meeting another man secretly for weeks. Early this dreary morning Liza informed Jim that she was leaving him, she wanted a divorce. Jim begged her to stay, but she only shrugged her shoulders and vindictively announced that she was not staying.

They lived in a shabby one room apartment with bath. A large room with a big double window topped by a separate section of colored glass. A huge old-fashioned steamer trunk with a portable phonograph perched atop stood along one wall. Taking up nearly half of the cluttered room was the unmade bed. Across the room and next to the big window was the kitchenette which consisted of a two burner kerosene stove and a drop leaf table with two unmatched chairs.

The small record player had been playing The Martins and the Coys constantly since they had gotten out of bed.

Liza paced the floor nervously in her dingy white chenille housecoat. Her long, uncombed hair hung in untidy wisps to her shoulders. A faint thin line of lipstick remained along the edge of her full upper lip.

Jim had pulled on a pair of pants and snapped the suspenders across his undershirt. He hadn't put his shoes on, and he sat with one bare foot atop the other. He was sitting at the kitchen table with the dirty dishes from the night before shoved back to make a place for his coffee cup. Having taken two aspirins he was now drinking some hot coffee in an attempt to rid himself of this horrible frustrating sick headache.

Jim said, "Oh — this headache — turn that damn thing down!" Liza stalked over to the phonograph, twisted the knob, the music blasted out even louder. Arrogantly she stood in front of it. Jim tired to get to the phonograph by reaching around her. Liza shoved him back hard, and he fell. Jim shouted, "Liza, turn that off!" She laughed scornfully. He jumped up and rushed to turn the blaring machine off. His nerves tightly strung were ready to snap, and he must quiet his throbbing head.

The room was full to bursting with the loud beat of the hillbilly music. Liza and Jim scuffled back and forth, Liza trying to keep him from the record player, Jim trying to turn it off. By now the struggle was serious. She would not give up, and he could not — his nerves would not let him.

He could stand no more. He

hit at her. The blow glanced off her shoulder, and she started screaming. He begged, "Please — don't scream." She darted around him. Warding off an imagined blow, she hit Jim with her arm and shoved him against the small stove. He reached back to steady himself to keep from falling. His hand closed around the handle of an iron skillet on the stove.

By now he was half crazy — the pain from his head, the loud, loud music, the shrill screaming. He went after her to still the screaming, and he had the heavy skillet in his hand. He could only think, "Be quiet." "Be quiet." "BE QUIET!" Then he was hitting at that horrible screaming. Liza rushed into the bathroom and tried to shut the door, but he pushed on in. She couldn't get out of the small room; she was trapped. With terror-filled eyes of a trapped animal she numbly cowed before him with her arms flung out to protect her head — frantically screaming. Jim raised the heavy skillet high above his head and came down with all of his crazed might. He brought the skillet up and down — time and time again until the screaming stopped.

He took the skillet which now seemed so very heavy, walked out of the bathroom and closed the door, stepped across a pillow that had fallen from the bed, and turned off the blaring phonograph; put the blood-covered skillet back on the stove. He took one of the kitchen chairs and set it in front of the large uncurtained window; then he slowly sat down. He sat in the deathly quiet room with his grey-head buried in his hands — his back to the room as if to disassociate himself from the room and all of its contents.

He sat in the eerie half light of the foggy morning. Behind him, slowly the rich red blood oozed under the bathroom door, and snakelike felt its way into the disheveled room. In the distance could be heard the wail of approaching sirens — too late. Liza is dead.

### The Radio

The news-bulletin breaks in upon the Beatle music, dehydrating the significance of our reveals.

Larry Cox  
Freshman  
Conway, Iowa

## ME

There are many persons wrapped up in this hide  
And many personalities within this bundle tied.  
There is the me that I know myself to be  
And the me which others think they see.  
There is the gentle me who is kind and sweet,  
And the angry me who screams and stamps her feet.  
There is the happy me who laughs and tries to sing.  
There is a gloomy me which a frown is heralding.  
There is me as sister, daughter and friend.  
There is me at the day's beginning and end.  
There is the friendly me and the snotty me,  
The good me and the naughty me.  
There is the serious me who studies and learns  
And the lonely me whose youthful heart yearns.  
There is the contented me who likes to stay at home  
And the restless me who wants to roam.  
There is the carefree me kicking her heels into the air  
And the sorrowful me with burdens too heavy to bear.  
There is me as I was, am, and will be  
All contained in the "one" person who is me.

Glenda Bright  
Senior  
Lineville, Iowa

## Insight

Knowing you will leave me soon  
I will love you  
Neither more nor less  
For on that day I'll surely weep  
The morrow I shall not.

Irene Hause  
Senior  
Northfield, Minnesota

## I Ask

Never leave me  
Alone  
To contemplate the distant stars  
The loneliness of a weeping girl  
The melting ice of a country creek  
Or the enticing delight of blossoming lilacs.  
Never leave me  
Alone  
To cry in the night  
Laugh in the day  
Or revel in drink.  
Never leave me  
Alone  
In the wildly cheering crowd  
Or in the darkly colored cathedral

Irene Hause  
Senior  
Northfield, Minnesota

## EYES

Eyes! Eyes! Eyes!  
Can I never escape those eyes?  
Eyes that peer, pry and peep,  
Eyes that pierce the very soul of me.

Never is there an escape!  
Hide in your if you can,  
They'll follow you even there;  
Those cruel, wicked, haunting eyes.

Millions of eyes, trillions of eyes.  
They see you in the streets, in your safest retreat.  
They laugh at you, leer at you . . .  
Eyes can tear you apart with a glance.  
Wait . . .  
What do those eyes really see?

Nothing.  
They are blind to the real me,  
The me that is as tender as a flower in a protected glade,  
And so naked under the eyes of people.

Lylia Haner  
Freshman  
Woodbine, Iowa

## QUESTIONS

Who granted the Herods of the South  
The power to massacre both fair-skinned  
And dark-skinned innocents?

In what subterranean kennel  
Or fiendish den do they meet to consider  
Their next rights-seeking victim?

Are the offspring mere white larvae  
Awaiting maturity to transform themselves  
Into mirrors of their vermin begetters?

Satin-white hoods, pointing to their  
Demon deity, hovering, gloating at his work,  
Will not camouflage bigots' faces from God.

Bob Majerus  
Sophomore  
Falls City, Neb.

## On War

You, caveman, grab your  
CLUB  
The other tribe is killing  
The women and the children  
Of our small cave dwelling

You, Roman, grab your  
SWORD  
The Vandals, they are coming  
Today we will defeat them  
With sharp steel and cunning

You, soldier, grab your GUN  
The British are our foes  
Kill them quick, kill them fast  
Strike them down in rows

You, pilot, grab your PLANE  
As the bombs start to fall  
The Germans want to rule the  
world

So we must kill them all  
You, sir, push the BUTTON  
The Russians we must destroy  
And if someone should survive it

We'll have a world of joy  
You, caveman, grab your  
CLUB . . . . .

Richard Matt  
Sophomore  
St. Joseph, Mo.

## Winter Thoughts

When the wind is nibbling  
On the earth,  
Once again a thinker  
I will be.

In the cold and still  
Of solemn glory,  
I will ponder what it IS  
To be.

When the sky comes down  
To touch the trees,  
I'll look up  
And hear each falling feather-  
ed heartbeat.

And in the blue of winter  
I will stand  
And softly say,  
"Oh winter silence, stay!"

Nancy L. Boyd  
Sophomore  
Marcus, Iowa

## Geese

The geese  
flying  
free  
late at night  
over the dorms  
never worry  
about  
grades,  
money,  
and  
Viet Nam

Larry Cox  
Freshman  
Conway, Iowa

## Japanese Haiku

Death is a deep wound,  
Slow to heal and leaving an  
Everlasting scar.

Tears are like a lamp,  
With the ability to  
Be turned on and off.

Utter frustration  
Is a completely blank mind  
While taking a test.

Lynette Dennis  
Freshman  
West Des Moines, Ia.

## The Storm

Rhinestones array the grass  
Diamonds fill the sky  
Pearls dangle from tree limbs  
And a tear falls from my eye.

The sky alights with lightning  
And I hear the thunder roar.  
An oak tree splits in half  
And the oak tree is no more.

Mary Mast  
Sophomore  
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

## My Joys

The bells of happiness I sing for,  
The joy of ringing melody near;  
The sun's rapturous song of morn,  
And the night in sparkling starlight clear.

Candles of liberty in shining charades  
Flickering in portholes of a silent night,  
While a babe in her mother's arms  
Is soothed by a lullaby of sleep.

The joy of an open field in cool twilight,  
The hawks circling rendezvous with the clouds;  
Shade by a trickling creek of pebbles,  
And stalks standing tall against the sky.

Steadiness of friendship so dear,  
Laughter of their warm welcomes,  
The giving of a gift of kindness,  
And receiving life in return.

An anthem piercing the heart with song,  
Flowers filling fragrance,  
The cross seeking our everlasting life,  
And color? stained windows of beauty.

These are my joys I sing for,  
In the night's silent array,  
And peeling bells of freedom,  
Forever, let them be mine!

Margaret Hall  
Freshman  
Maryville, Missouri

## From a Secluded Corner

In the far distance,  
Out of the night that envelopes me,  
A fire burns.  
Like a sacred altar it glows,  
Sending through the dark,  
Piercing rays of illuminating brilliance,  
Revealing sins that were developing,  
And multiplying in the blackness.  
I see shadows born of the night.  
There are men there for only men make fire . . .  
I know man well, I know him intimately,  
I fear him as a stalked animal fears the advancing hunter.  
I want to leave this place of hiding.  
I long to stand and curse the persecutors of humanity  
But the fire is too brilliant,  
And I fear the men.  
Eventually, the light will fade,  
And the creatures of the night will again begin their search,  
Their primitive ritual of survival.  
Behind me to the left I believe I hear the footfalls  
Of a man groping in the darkness  
And I fancy I see the faint glow of a dimmed torch.  
Someone comes.

Laverna Malone  
St. Louis, Missouri

## Just Strolling

Across the campus one autumn day  
These things I sensed along the way:  
Pigeons playing hide and seek  
around The Towers . . . the sting of cool  
north wind . . . seed pods of cotton weed . . .

Poison ivy waving flags  
of danger . . . the ring of pounded rivets  
on the Fine Arts building . . . jet ribbons  
across the sky . . .

Concerned countenance of a boy  
with a flat tire . . . prize dahlias  
in the president's yard . . . the drone  
of sky pilots at practice—  
And many more that autumn day.

Lettie Siddens  
Junior  
Maryville, Mo.

## Dirge in Gentle Proportions

Oh stop  
And hear the measured sound  
Of footsteps falling soft around.  
With noble tread  
They call.  
Oh weep  
To see the fallen bough,  
Which looks like Youth, and how  
Its branches  
Broken lie.  
Oh sleep  
Among the gone unnumbered  
Whose restless nights have passed unslumbered  
In thoughts of death  
Like these.

Nancy L. Boyd  
Sophomore  
Marcus, Iowa



## To Three Goldfish in a Brandy Snifter

Somehow, somewhere, someone got confused,  
Because I have three goldfish in my brandy-snifter.

What's the matter, little goldfish with the black tail?  
Has your world shrunk like unsanforized jeans?  
Do you wonder what those six gold marks are,  
three on a side of your funny world?

Your world is frightening, suffocating . . .  
Often you swim to the top and mouth frantic bubble-prayers  
for renewal.

I see you . . . and pity you.  
I, your great Omnipotent One, give you a fresh world.

You, three goldfish in a brandy-shifter, are not like me.  
You merely live in your world.

Will my Omnipotent One give me a new world . . .  
I, who cannot merely live . . .  
When I mouth frantic bubble-prayers?

Sherrie Hartman  
Senior  
Glenwood, Iowa

## Lonely Blue Boy

Lonely Blue Boy  
Why do you fear the touch of a friend?  
You stand braced in your armor  
Ready with your shield and sword.

Lonely Blue Boy  
Why do you fear the warmth of love?  
Your eyes are so empty, bleak, full of despair—  
So must be your soul.

Lonely Blue Boy  
Why do you fear to be known as you are?  
You have covered yourself  
You have covered yourself  
With the thin veneer of pseudo-sophistication.

Lonely Blue Boy  
Why do you stand poised to run?  
Your eyes cry for love  
Yet your soul weeps with fear.

Poor Lonely Blue Boy  
You know that the only antidote for fear is love  
Still you would choose rather to keep the poison  
Then to take the antidote.

Great is your pain  
Lonely Blue Boy  
Great is your pain  
—And my sorrow

Sherrie Hartman  
Senior  
Glenwood, Iowa

## Life

Winged monarch, universal mother,  
Constant companion, faithful lover,  
Your meaning to me is like no other.

You are the sun dancing in the woods; you are the stars that  
blanket the earth, ;you are temporality and immortality. Your  
substance is unutterable. Life, you are friendship on cold,  
stormy days. You are sorrow and anguish and fear and death.  
You are my dreams, my hopes, my aspirations: conflicts, trials,  
degradations. You are the rain that falls on blades of grass,  
the snow that nourishes the same. You are the babbling brooks,  
the simpering winds, the drops of sadness from all eyes, the  
beginning adn end of all mankind. You are the summer with its  
bees and honey, flowers, warmth, and love. You are the fall  
that glides on yellow leaves; you are pumpkins and teasing  
winds. You are winter full of cold and closeness, snowmen and  
husky gales. And Life, you are spring with trite flirtations,  
trees an ddaffodils.

You are all of these, but yet I know  
That as I come and as I go,  
Monarch, you will still be so.

Sandy Robinson  
North Kansas City, Mo.  
Sophomore

## Parting

When you must pass on to something new,  
How hard it is to bid adieu.  
When you must leave your friends behind,  
Those you love and those so kind,  
You wonder why life should be so cruel  
As to set down such a rule  
That you must leave and say goodbye;  
That you must live and then must die.

Kay Bray  
Freshman  
Weatherby, Mo.

## This Mad Hope Called Spring

Hope is spring  
Leaping forth in all  
its unbounded happiness  
Wild, changeable  
Rain, sun, spring  
Hope.

Run with me, my love  
Across the hastily growing  
green  
The vigorous sun-drenched  
green  
Feel the cool life-giving damp-  
ness  
Ooze between your toes.

Hope—for it is spring!  
Clutch my hand, love  
Pull me after you  
As we run to the top of the hill  
To survey the bursting tree-  
tops—  
Hear the birds?

Catch me, my love  
Or I will disappear.  
Hold me close  
Or I will sweep away  
With the flight of spring.  
Irene Hause  
Senior  
Northfield, Minnesota

## Hope No. 2

Hope, you say?  
Why, I ask?  
I hoped once  
Twice  
And a third time,  
Rebuilding from the first two  
hopes.  
Patiently I cleaned the pieces  
Glued together what remained,  
Trying to ignore what lacked.  
The task finished, I stood back  
And forced myself to admire  
My unsuccessful work.  
Then I picked it up,  
Smashed it on the floor  
And disssolved it with my  
tears.

Irene Hause  
Senior  
Northfield, Minnesota

## ART

Art is a joy  
For every girl and boy  
At which they can have suc-  
cess  
And feel that life isn't all one  
big mess.

Art is where each child can  
say,  
"This is mine!  
This is what I can do!"  
And seem ten feet tall  
When he shows it to you.

Art is where each child  
Bold or mild  
Can look at his creation and  
feel  
"This is what I see and know  
to be real."  
Glenda Bright  
Senior  
Lineville, Iowa

## I am Me

I like to be different  
To show my individuality  
My freedom  
with weird stockings,  
straight hair—  
although it may not seem so  
good.

I am looked at,  
laughed at—  
made a conversation piece—  
and yet,  
I don't care  
for  
I am different.  
I am an individual  
unlike any other—  
I am me.

Barbara Corbett  
Freshman  
Coon Rapids, Iowa

## A Thought

My parents constitute a very personal thing for me.  
My mother is the handkerchief that dries away my tears;  
My private book of wisdom to last throughout my years;  
A treasure chest of golden verse to make my day so bright;  
My vast coven of courage in daytime and at night.  
My medicine for heartaches; the cure for any pain;  
My rich reward for tasks that I have not done in vain.  
My father is the pillar upon which my lineage rests;  
The marking pencil of my errors; the grader of my tests;  
That magic masculinity that balances my fate;  
My government of habits; executor of my estate;  
My supply of all support, in courage or justified pride;  
My lawyer and physician, in one, right by my side.  
My father is the eagle, my mother is the dove,  
And I, my friends, am simply the expression of their love.

Sandy Robinson  
Sophomore  
North Kansas City, Mo.

## Magnetic Souls

We live longer, "The life-span  
is now seventy . . ."  
Three score and ten to waste  
by each. A plenty.  
Men are subtle, and through the law  
they ended rape,  
But now they spin our souls  
on magnetic tape.  
People are weary of anesthesia  
by radioed drums,  
Would dine with Knowledge, but below  
the table, snap at crumbs.  
God saw Moses, and from his hand dropped  
manna from heaven's stair,  
But inflated money (without the love)  
is modern man's welfare.  
Hollow churches reiterate "God is love."  
(click) "God is love." (click)  
Can a church buy new organs with skilled  
use of a loanshark's trick?  
So what would come if science saw  
(with no time left to run)  
God's hand reaching out of space  
and snapping off the sun?

David I. Wright  
Junior  
Fort Dodge, Iowa

## Campus Dawn

Sun in the trees,  
This morning you nave  
Wakened me in majesty.

Sun in the trees,  
Your splendor wings my song  
On bright tongue  
And silver lips pressed to my ear  
In the lark's cry from the pine.

With more than my hands can hold,  
You have heaped your glory  
And made it mine,  
And I drift it through my sleepy fingers,  
Sift its brilliance through.

Sun in the trees,  
Let me rise to sing with you,  
For my slender heart is bursting with your light.

Nancy L. Boyd  
Sophomore  
Marcus, Iowa

## Escape

The fire reached out with slender blue and yellow fingers  
And pulled my heart and mind along  
The paths of life; in deep reflection back and forth  
Among the great and noble heritage  
That I could truly call my own. I smile at all my fellowmen  
And state, This life is mine.

I fashioned it from out the myriad things that God allowed  
To grow within his universe;  
The kindness of a saint like Francis that filtered  
through the years,  
The pride of one like Socrates,  
Who stood condemned but would not bow to unjust accusation,  
The love of fellowman that grew  
From out of Galilee and grows each day to make a  
better world.

And then before this heart and mind must see in retrospect,  
The hate, the envy, and the unjust acts committed hastily,  
The fire pulled back its slender fingers and released its hold.

Johnie M. Imes  
Junior  
Maryville, Mo.

## The City

A city is humanity. It is ugliness and suffering; it is beauty and happiness. It is not the loneliness of rejection; even more terrible, it is the loneliness of never being known. It is the joy of independence and, at the same time, of being a part of something greater than oneself.

A city is a Negro boy in Harlem, asked by a teacher "What is a man?" writing, "A man is just a boy with a scarred soul." A city is death; a city is life. It is people going their separate ways, never nodding, never knowing each other, but with their lives inextricably intertwined, each life nourished by all the others. A city is culture. It is seldom going to the opera; but it is being influenced subtly but powerfully by breathing the same air as people who have.

A city is despair, because it is the ghetto, the appalling chaotic ugliness of the neon jungle, the people crowded against each other, forcing the denial of dignity. A city is hope because it is change and opportunity and freedom.

A city is a living museum and laboratory for the display and enactment of the accomplishments of Man. A city is the greatest of all works of art, because it is all the arts, strangely chaotic and coherent

## The Hayride

Like searchlights trying to find a lost ship in a hazy channel, the tractor lights behind us try to find their way to our wagon.

The fog is too thick.

Not really fog.

But a mixture of moist night air,

Flying hay worn loose by the grating spokes,

And powderlike dust ground by other tractor wheels,

Busy daytime wheels.

A fog too thick, too, for the captain of our ship,

The tractor driver,

Who keeps glancing back to see his daughter and her boyfriend on the wagon behind.

Their laughter has drawn his attention.

I look back, too.

Jokes, people jumping from rack to rack, singing.

Like a wagon train wandering over endless hills

as its riders pass the time.

Where will we camp tonight?

And around us a silence,

A silence that no noise can rouse.

The summer land waits for the harvest.

The tractor driver looks back again.

He speaks.

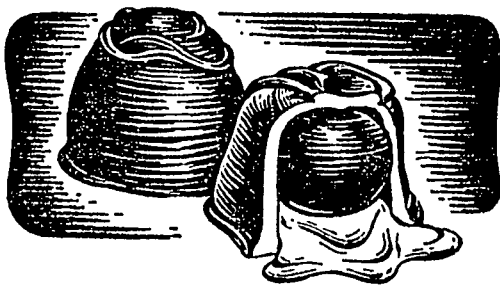
Shall we go around another section?

Of course.

Barbara Laur  
Westboro, Missouri

## REMEMBER MOTHER ON Mother's Day—May 9

THE TREAT CANDY LOVERS CAN'T RESIST



## LOFT'S CORDIAL CHERRIES

Plump, red maraschino cherries floating in tantalizing cordial—then dipped, not once, but twice—in LOFT'S Exclusive Blend Milk or Dark Chocolate.

\$1.49  
DOZ

## Condon's Corner Drug

Rexall Since 1921

Headquarters for College Students.

Fountain service—school supplies

Largest selection of magazines in NW Mo.

If your name appears in this ad, clip it out and bring it to our store to receive a free malt.

Danny Gooding  
Ron Brumley  
Bob Albanese  
Fred Wise  
Lou Mooney

Marie Murray  
Elaine Sherman  
Sue Welsh  
Mr. Tom Mathews  
Miss Barbara Palling

at the same time; it is all the in separation, in mixture, in compound, and in the process of transmutation and creation. A city is humanity. A city is the Spirit of Man incarnate.

## Cite Miss Hunter for Services to MATE

Miss Violette Hunter, English Department, was cited for her service to the Missouri Association of Teachers of English at the organizations' spring meeting. For the past two years, Miss Hunter has supervised the selection and publication of "Missouri's Youth Writes," a booklet containing representative written work of students in the high schools of Missouri.

Dr. Frank Grube and Mr. Dale Midland, chairman and instructor in the English Department respectively, were named to positions on the MATE board.

## Love Is Gone

Dreary is the night.  
The stars fail to appear,  
And the moon  
Refuses the world its light.  
Love was sweet,  
But now just a memory.  
Forget him forever.  
Let him fade as a silhouette in the street.  
Cry? Just a little.  
Then lift your head to laugh  
For soon the music man will come  
With his fiddle.

Sharon Boyles  
Freshman  
Stewartsville, Mo.

## MSC Boasts New Look

Since the MSC Administration Building was erected in 1905, the campus has experienced steady growth in its dormitory and educational facilities. Roberta Hall, formerly residence hall, was erected in 1924, the Wells Library in 1938, and the J. W. Jones Union Building in 1951, just to mention a few. Colden Hall and Lamkin Gymnasium were erected during the past ten years along with additions to both the men's and women's dormitories.

An approximate \$8.5 million construction program is now in the planning stage. Two seven-story dormitories with a cafeteria between is being planned, as well as a \$3 million science building. Construction will soon begin on the J. W. Jones Union Building which will double its present size.

## MSC Adult Homemaking Classes Start Monday, May 3

Adult homemaking classes for homemakers in the Maryville area will begin Monday night at 7:30 in the Home Economics Department under the sponsorship of the MSC home economics majors.

The lessons will be directed toward the main theme "Family Food Fun or Fuss." The members of the adult Homemaking Education Class are Wanda Cox, Mrs. Martha Klinzman, Georgia Linville, Sharon Ostrus and Mrs. Judith Weese.

## To Give Peace Corps Exam Tomorrow

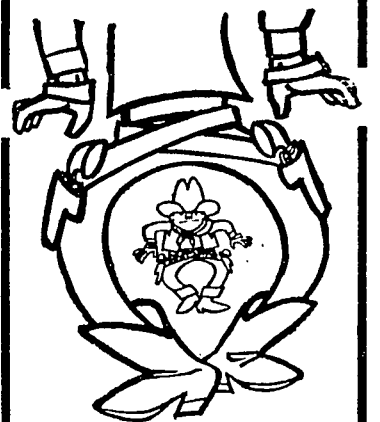
Saturday, May 1, at 8:30 a.m., the Peace Corps Examination will be given on campus, according to Dean Koerble. This examination is for all interested students. Those students planning to take the examination will be required to complete a peace corps questionnaire before the exam will be given. Copies of the questionnaire may be picked up in the Dean of Students' office. Students should either return them to the office or turn them in before taking the exam.

All students interested in taking the exam are asked to report to the Dean of Students' office Saturday morning.

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